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and

THE ATHENÆUM

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1923.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

ELEGANCE DOWN THE AGES.

Petronius: The Satyricon. Translated by J. M. MITCHELL.
(Routledge. 7s. 6d.)

THIS book is called a "Broadway Translation," which may account for everything. It may account for some passages having been left in the original Latin—a craven expedient, but defensible; for at least one having been omitted entirely—which is indefensible; and for the text having been persistently tampered with and toned down to spare the blushes of Broadway—which is vile. Anyone, therefore, who cannot read easily the Latin of Petronius—and it is abominably difficult—and yet is bent on knowing what this curious and much-talked-of book is about, had better procure the translation by Laurent Tailhade (*éditions de la Sirène*). It is an honest version in excellent, if unconventional, French; and if the ardent seeker after out-of-the-way information finds it hard to follow, all I can say is he would be better employed learning French than in poking his nose into the oddities of antiquity. But if study Petronius in English he must, he will find Mr. Mitchell's paraphrase, at once emasculate and jaunty though it is, at any rate readable. For Mr. Mitchell is manifestly a scholar, a capable writer, and a man of sense, which makes his disastrous, and possibly unwilling, prudery the more deplorable.

The "Satyricon"—to be exact, that fragment of it which has come down to us—is an amusing, realistic, digressive, sarcastic, second-class novel of adventure. I should say it was about as good as "Le Diable Boiteux" and distinctly less good than "Moll Flanders." At any rate, it makes less depressing reading than most Latin literature, because it is a genuine record of a clever man's observations, instead of having rather the air of a sixth-form "copy." Most of what are called the classical Roman authors had very few ideas or feelings of their own, and none at all of those ideas and feelings which express themselves inevitably in works of art. So, just as the sixth-form boy, with his lack of spiritual experience and scanty reading, goes to a few trusty authors and the classical dictionary for his matter, the Romans went to the Greeks. How to versify, ratiocinate, and compose they knew, because they had been taught; and, like the schoolboy, they wrote poems, plays, and philosophical treatises, because it was their duty. The reason why these productions remind us too often of "proses" and "verses" is that, unlike genuine literature, they are not expressions of personal feelings bubbling up from the depths of intense and passionate life, but "compositions," related hardly at all to æsthetic experience, and arising, not out of an impulse, but out of a notion of what literature should be.

Catullus, Tacitus, and Petronius are three striking exceptions—there are others—to this dreary rule; and not unnaturally those who have to spend their lives reading Latin books in gratitude exaggerate their merits. For the "Satyricon," though a real book and a good book, is not a great book. It is made out of a mass of clever observations, sifted through an intelligence, but not through a temperament. That is about as much as can be expected of a Roman; people incapable of fine feeling and delicate thought can but observe and record. Roman literature, though it can hardly be said to express anything, is a manifestation of Roman dullness and brutality. For instance, where modern literature would give us romantic love, and Greek Socratic, the Romans can think of nothing but heavy lust; and even about that they cannot be charmingly indecent, though Horace tried to be. Where an English or French writer (Shakespeare or Lafontaine) would give us a hundred pretty, prurient gallantries, Ovid seems never to guess that a man

can have any but one thing to do with a woman. The Romans never flirted. It is significant that the passion of Propertius, generally reckoned the most sentimental and elegiac of Roman poets, was for a drab; compare his "Cynthia" with the "Stella" of Sidney, and you will taste in a moment the difference in quality of thought and feeling between the still boyish England of Elizabeth and the mature Rome of Augustus. And if we like to make something subtler of the affair between Cæsar and Servilia, that, I suppose, is because we would sprinkle all the garniture we can gather round that delightful story of Cæsar being called upon by righteous old Cato to read in full senate a note (treasonable, no doubt) which had just been thrust into his hand—which note turned out to be a love-letter from Cato's own sister, the wife of the consul Silanus.

Exquisiteness was not in the Roman way; and Petronius, though he can be crudely ironical and has a pretty turn for parody, never reaches wit. Wit flies brutality; broad jests, invective, rough satire, and horseplay are more in the high Roman fashion—though Tacitus, as we are not allowed to forget, could be dreadfully cutting. But wit, fine irony, whimsicality, and the choicer kinds of humour can, like taste, conversation, and gallantry, flourish only in a world where brain has definitely got the better of brawn. No one will be at much pains to sharpen an intellectual rapier or feather a shaft in a society where the recognized method of putting down an adversary is to call him "dirty dog" or catch him a clip on the jaw; so Rome was as unpromising a breeding-ground for wit as a football-field or the House of Commons. And Petronius was a Roman. He was arbiter of the elegances, to be sure; but I suspect those elegances consisted mainly in circus-tricks, costumes, and Bithynian boys, and the presentation rather than the cooking of a dinner: and doubtless these were more elegant than the self-conscious exchange of second-hand platitudes on literature and philosophy which seems to have done duty for culture. Certainly Petronius was critical of his surroundings; but I see no reason to suppose that he rose much above them.

Neither is there much reason to suppose that Trimalchio's notorious dinner-party, with its superfluity of expensive things and dearth of good ones (such good things as there were, the food and drink, for instance, spoilt by the ostentatious impropriety of the service), with its buffoonery and din, with its pointless jokes, its imbecile anecdotes, its purse-proud self-satisfaction, its sciolism, and its endless array of threadbare clichés, was not typical of the sort of thing that passed for conviviality at Rome. Becker, at any rate, makes it the basis of his account of a Roman dinner-party. And, though I know it is now the fashion to call Becker old-fashioned, I notice that most modern scholars who attempt to describe Roman life still depend a good deal—sometimes more than they care to admit—on old Becker's industry and erudition. This much, at least, may be said to those who venture to speak of Greek and Roman civilization as if the two were almost identical: Trimalchio's party may have been exceptional in Italy, it would have been utterly impossible at Athens; while Agathon's, exceptional anywhere, would have been out of the question at Rome. For our private comfort we may add that the level of vulgar brutality implied by Trimalchio's entertainment has not yet been reached in England or France. For America I am not in a position to answer: the following instance, cited by Mr. Mitchell, would be ominous if it were true:—

"According to a New York correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph,' in August, 1913, a dance was given at a garage with its shooting and bowling galleries and rows of Aunt Sallys. . . . With the ices the chef took in a huge cake with sixteen lighted candles. It was cut, and from it sprang a tiger, which crouched and then leaped towards the hostess, whose health was drunk with enthusiasm."

CLIVE BELL.

ROMANCE AND THE HEART.

The Grand Tour. By ROMER WILSON. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

Revolving Lights. By DOROTHY RICHARDSON. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.)

BOTH Miss Wilson and Miss Richardson are serious novelists, and we must therefore put our minds at their service with the consciousness that, though criticize them we must, something of positive value, which that criticism should reveal, remains. And in trying to make out what this gift of theirs amounts to it is not necessary to go with great detail into the particular examples before us. Each writer is mature; each has written many books, and here, again, each is doing her own work in her own way.

Miss Wilson is a romantic. That is the first impression which her vigour and freedom make upon us. While other novelists sit studying the skeleton of humanity and painfully tracing the relations of tiny fibres, Miss Wilson hurls a sponge at the blackboard, takes her way into the forest, flings herself on a couch of amaranth, and revels in the thunder. For her not only the sky, but the soul too, is always thundering and lightening. There are no mouse-coloured virtues; no gradual transitions; all is genius, violence, and rhapsody, and her thick crowded utterance, often eloquent and sometimes exquisite, recalls the stammer of a bird enraptured with life in June. Yet she is not, as this description might imply, sentimentally lyrical, and frequently, if pardonably, absurd. One of the remarkable qualities of her work is that she handles the great explosives with complete good faith. She believes in thunder, violence, genius, and rhapsody. Therefore, no one is going to sneer at her for saying so. Moreover, she constantly renews her sense of the marvellous by touching the earth, if only with the tip of her toe. She can be sardonic and caustic; she can mention the stomach.

Why is it, then, that she fails to convince us of the reality of her romance? It is because her sense of it is more conventional than original. She has taken it from poetry rather than from life, and from minor poetry more frequently than from major. She has not, like Meredith, used her freedom from the ties of realism to reveal something new in the emotions of human beings when they are most roused to excitement. Nor has she gone the other way to work. She has not taken the usual and made it blossom into the extraordinary. When we begin a play by Ibsen we say that there can be nothing romantic about a room with bookcases and upholstered furniture. But in the end we feel that all the forests and nightingales in the world cannot be so romantic as a room with bookcases and upholstered furniture. That is an exaggeration, however; we have overshot the mark. Nightingales and forests are for ever romantic, and it is merely cowardice to be afraid of saying so. But writers are afraid, and very naturally afraid, lest their own feeling for such famous things may not be strong enough to persist against the multitude of other people's feelings. Miss Wilson has no such fear. And thus she has the romantic power of making us feel the stir and tumult of life as a whole. She gives us a general, not a particular, sense of excitement. When at the end of the book Marichaud exclaims: "Life is the thing, Paul. Life is to be the thing," we feel that at last someone has put into words what we have been feeling for two hundred and fifty pages. And to have made us feel that life is the thing for two hundred and fifty pages is a real achievement.

There is no one word, such as romance or realism, to cover, even roughly, the works of Miss Dorothy Richardson. Their chief characteristic, if an intermittent student be qualified to speak, is one for which we still seek a name. She has invented, or, if she has not invented, developed and applied to her own uses, a sentence which we might call the psychological sentence of the feminine gender. It is of a more elastic fibre than the old, capable of stretching to the extreme, of suspending the frailest particles, of enveloping the vaguest shapes. Other writers of the opposite sex have used sentences of this description and stretched them to the extreme. But there is a difference. Miss Richardson has fashioned her sentence consciously, in order that it may descend to the depths and investigate the crannies of Miriam Henderson's consciousness. It is a woman's sentence, but only in the sense that it is used to describe a woman's mind by a writer who is neither proud nor afraid of anything that

she may discover in the psychology of her sex. And therefore we feel that the trophies that Miss Richardson brings to the surface, however we may dispute their size, are undoubtedly genuine. Her discoveries are concerned with states of being and not with states of doing. Miriam is aware of "life itself"; of the atmosphere of the table rather than of the table; of the silence rather than of the sound. Therefore she adds an element to her perception of things which has not been noticed before, or, if noticed, has been guiltily suppressed. A man might fall dead at her feet (it is not likely), and Miriam might feel that a violet-coloured ray of light was an important element in her consciousness of the tragedy. If she felt it, she would say it. Therefore, in reading "Revolving Lights" we are often made uncomfortable by feeling that the accent upon the emotions has shifted. What was emphatic is smoothed away. What was important to Maggie Tulliver no longer matters to Miriam Henderson. At first, we are ready to say that nothing is important to Miriam Henderson. That is the way we generally retaliate when an artist tells us that the heart is not, as we should like it to be, a stationary body, but a body which moves perpetually, and is thus always standing in a new relation to the emotions which are its sun. Chaucer, Donne, Dickens—each, if you read him, shows this change of the heart. That is what Miss Richardson is doing on an infinitely smaller scale. Miriam Henderson is pointing to her heart and saying she feels a pain on her right, and not on her left. She points too didactically. Her pain, compared with Maggie Tulliver's, is a very little pain. But, be that as it may, here we have both Miss Wilson and Miss Richardson proving that the novel is not hung upon a nail and festooned with glory, but, on the contrary, walks the high road, alive and alert, and brushes shoulders with real men and women.

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

THE ITALIAN NOVEL.

I Narratori. By LUIGI RUSSO. "Guide Bibliografiche." (Rome: Fondazione Leonardo per la cultura italiana. 7 lire.)

Finestre Alte: Novelle. By ADA NEGRI. (Rome-Milan: Mondadori. 9 lire.)

Gli Egoisti, Romanzo; L'Incalco, Dramma in tre Atti. By FEDERIGO TOZZI. (Rome-Milan: Mondadori, 9 lire.)

L'Altra Sorella. By MICHELE SAPONARO. (Rome-Milan: Mondadori. 9 lire.)

THE new volume in the valuable "Guide Bibliografiche" necessarily differs somewhat from its predecessors, as, in any case, one would expect, seeing that it has been entrusted to a critic of the calibre of Luigi Russo. A mere list of novels would serve no purpose. Instead, Sig. Russo gives us all the most important Italian novelists since 1860, divided into three periods, with a critical note, often amounting to a regular essay, treating his subject on the broadest lines. Thus the notices of Ojetti and Panzini almost leave the qualities of the novelist, apart from the writer and thinker, out of sight. Sig. Russo's introduction brings home to us once more the futility of the labels we attach, perhaps inevitably, to different manifestations of art. Thus, for him, romanticism, which is being hounded out of England and France, is synonymous with true art, and this in classical Italy. Verga and the realists are great because they are genuine romantics, carrying on all that was sane in the romantic tradition and discarding the bastard art of the pseudo-romantics of the first half of last century. Similarly, it is in his romantic qualities that D'Annunzio's significance lies. Again, in their moving pictures of peasant life, the realists, untrammelled by ecclesiastical conventions, were, he holds, far more truly Christian in spirit than a Fogazzaro or a Tommaseo. His title shows that Sig. Russo correctly places the first essential of a novelist in his power of telling a story, and he frankly admits that it is not an Italian gift. Boccaccio, whose mother was a Frenchwoman, is the only Italian who possesses it in the highest degree. The best Italian novelists have always tended to subordinate it to other considerations. Sig. Russo casts his net wide, nor does he scorn the voice of the great public in judging this most popular form of literary

art. He can realize the superiority of Guido da Verona, who holds his 100,000 readers, in spite of the attacks of the critics, and he gives his work the serious consideration it deserves. Indeed, he points out the evil influence the critics' strictures can have on a writer as admirable as Panzini. It is interesting to find Sig. Russo regarding Pirandello as representing the last phase of the individualism of the autobiographical novel, of which D'Annunzio is the most brilliant exponent, since he isolates the individual, not merely from the world, but from himself.

One feels rather diffident in turning from Sig. Russo to the consideration of a particular novel, but we are inclined to think that we shall soon be looking for a volume of stories by Ada Negri as eagerly as we do for a novel by Grazia Deledda, if "*Finestre Alte*" is to mark the level of her achievement. The stories cover a wide range and are well varied. She writes almost entirely of her own sex, or, at least, from the woman's point of view:—

"She liked her husband as she liked the corn in the granary, the hay in the hay-loft, the apples in the garden, the great, strong horses in the stable. . . . His muscular shoulders, his hard, strong legs, the loud outbursts of his voice, whether in laughter or in anger, his free speech, his masculine embrace, healthy as an instinct, that left her crushed and aching with a pain that was also gratitude, soon became necessities of her daily life."

quickly killing her love for the city-bred sculptor who used to kiss her in his studio. Ada Negri tends to see women in their setting. She is always genuinely interested in their work, as in the case of the woman clerk in "*Gli Orfani*," or the unfortunate servant in "*Fanetta e il Suo Bambino*," and more especially in "*La Vera Storia di Laura Strini*," where she tells the tale of a born dressmaker, who serves only a select clientele and will have nothing to do with *cocottes*, is fond of her girls and motherly towards them, and has such a passion for her art that she always touches an image of St. Agnes before cutting out a dress. But after the war, when the girls answer her complaints with a verse of the "*Red Flag*," and scorn her little efforts to amuse them, she gradually loses her interest in her work and enters a nunnery. Ada Negri's world is never a happy world. But the book shows the immeasurable gap that separates true art from the magazine story.

The two posthumous works of Tozzi, the story of "*Gli Egoisti*" and the play "*L'Incalco*," have this much in common, that they mark his acceptance of life against which he had hitherto tended to revolt, as Sig. Borgese points out in his introduction. The crude play adds nothing to his reputation, but "*Gli Egoisti*" deserves a place beside his earlier novels. Clearly he identifies himself with the starving musician Dario: "Everything was summed up in a psychology that began and ended in himself. He had no part in real life." And this is how the men in the novel strike us. Each one seems to begin and end in himself. Dario might well have grown old in a selfish and immoral impotence. The selfishness comes out in the love-scenes with Albertina; and yet, in the end, the short separation teaches him that in her love lies his one hope. The story has a vivid Roman setting. Underlying it is that queer suggestion of violence, of overstrained nervous tension, that Tozzi always gives.

"*L'Altra Sorella*" has set us wondering how much there is to be said for the average novel. Were we asked to recommend a novel that would show us the average Italian of the day, it is hardly to the acknowledged leaders of the art that we should turn—to Grazia Deledda or Pirandello or Verga. If he is to satisfy us in this respect the novelist himself must not soar too far above the average man. Is this why Matilda Serao is able to catch the average Neapolitan as no one else has done? Sig. Saponaro is not a master of his craft, but his characters seem to us to reflect, not unfairly, the average Italian as we see him, even to his occasional, almost childlike simplicity. We are not deceived for a moment about Morelli. He could never be a great musician, though he might be a successful conductor of an orchestra. Sig. Saponaro delights in the motor-trips their wealthy friends take Morelli and his sister, and in displaying his knowledge of the Riviera, just as he enjoys showing us the night-life of Milan, though there are scenes through which he need hardly have dragged Alba. In fact, he takes a simple joy in life in all its aspects, making us love the simple, kindly folk among whom he moves, and who seem to possess the qualities and the charm that attract one in many Italians.

Unfortunately, he makes Morelli and Alba half-brother and sister, thus introducing the incest motif which tends to crop up now and then in Italian novels to-day, and he is, therefore, obliged to drop them over a cliff in the neighbourhood of the Stelvio. The book was never meant to end tragically, and those who would see Sig. Saponaro's kindly people in their true setting will have to turn to another of his volumes.

L. C.-M.

ONTOLOGY.

On. By HILAIRE BELLOC. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Happy is he and more than wise
Who sees with wondering eyes and clean
The world through all the grey disguise
Of sleep and custom in between."

MR. CHESTERTON'S beatitude applies as truly to his brother-in-arms as to himself. To the iniquity of custom's poppy most of us succumb as soon as we go to school and the herd takes hold upon us. A few succeed in never growing up at all—blessed, it may be, in their own fashion, but a mixed blessing to their fellows. Still fewer somehow manage to have things both ways—to read the book of life without spoiling their eyes, to sit up late without growing sleepy, to gain the worldly wisdom of middle age without its sheep-like conventionality of view. This gift of never being subdued to the world they worked in, some fairly gave to Rabelais, to Butler, to Anatole France. Before them the pompous incongruities of mankind march as naked as Andersen's emperor to the *enfant terrible*; but they have, too, the ripe humour to revel in the pageant (unlike Swift, keen-eyed as they, but choked with his own gall), and the mature wits to turn it to their purpose. For youth may play the fool, but only ironic maturity can do justice to the part. Of this lineage comes Mr. Belloc. To Rabelais he does ancestral honour as "the divine"; and the author of "*Erewhon*," on his part, would have recognized a kindred soul in such a Homeric comment as this:—

"The immortals, by the way, had very odd ideas upon climate. It was the custom of the Gods of Hellas (who had an excellent climate offered them on the slopes of the hills) to take their leisure above the snow-line, and then at a moment's notice to go south of the first cataract of the Nile into a fendish heat and eat heavily for days with the Ethiopians, just as our rich go to the Riviera. But with this difference: that they went to Ethiopia not only for climate but also for the morals of the inhabitants—which is more than you can say of those who go to the Riviera. . . ."

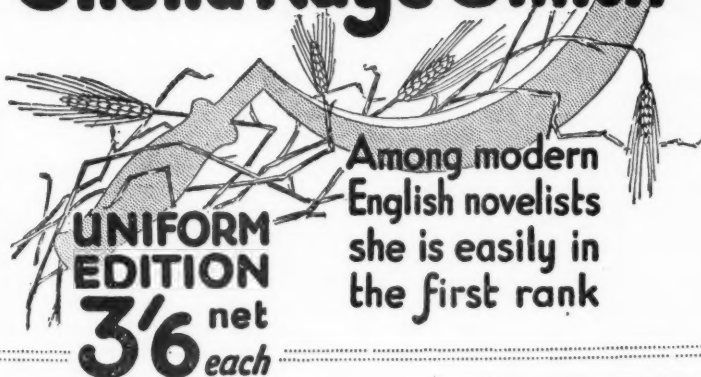
And lastly, there has not been since Swift in England, there is not, except Anatole France to-day, his superior in prose satire, in that power of seeing things close with all the detachment of distance, which eighteenth-century writers tried to assume by taking the standpoint of some Persian or Chinese fresh to the absurdities of the West.

True, there are lapses here. Swift would hardly have written such bad prose as this, at the beginning of "*On Bad Verse*": "Demons are awful—though in a different fashion from what angels are." And M. France, again, would hardly have stooped to such a poor relation among jokes as the remark that money may purchase a particular soul or may have "a general effect on All Souls (I mean not the College)." Also, nimble as Mr. Belloc eludes the "bear's hug of custom," the reader of "*On Nothing, On Something, On Everything*," comes to feel here, at times, that the author is beginning to hug himself a little too much, to follow his own tradition, if no other. "*On 'And'*" and "*The Cad's Encyclopædia*" are like so many of their ancestors, and not quite worthy of them. Still this is, after all, but the inevitable injury of Time, who will have no variety infinite and makes us all our own apes in the end. Others would bring a far more horrid charge against Mr. Belloc and call him a journalist; but, in fact, though these essays did originally appear in weekly journals, it is surprising how much better they carry themselves in a book. It is the difference between a tubful of water and a whole live stream of it, always the same yet not the same, laughing and dimpling here, deeper-noted there, now sparkling, now a little slumbrous, but sliding everywhere with limpid ease from its wanderings in the hilltops, through the quaint ways of Christendom, to its eternal love, the sea.

For Mr. Belloc's laughter is so good because, in the end, it goes deep; his foolery so excellent because under the

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motley lives a poet. How should it matter a hoot, as they say, to anyone that he once had his car break down in some hole in Morocco, and, struggling to the nearest trumpery port, sailed on a tramp-steamer to Cadiz? Yet of this and a dozen similar occasions he can so write that the reader cannot tell whether he is himself mad to waste his days, feet on fender, while such things are to do in the world, or extremely cunning in preferring Mr. Belloc's pictures to a miserably inferior reality.

Ephemeral in a sense these things doubtless are; they are slight, they are higgledy-piggledy, they belong very much to this twentieth century. But there are prettier flowers than immortelles, and the things that last best are not, of necessity, the most charming; nor will Mr. Belloc break his heart about posterity, if he is as good as his words on "The Last Infirmary":—

"However bad their verse" (he is speaking of poets in general), "you may lay to it that they will go on writing it, in the vain pursuit of posthumous fame. Wherein they resemble those little dogs, so numerous and so diverse, which in the year of gold (to be accurate, in the autumn of 1892) many others and I led out to Cumnor Hill, and thence sent them following in a flash after the scent of an aniseed bag till they killed nothing on the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford. They ran very hard, but they ran after nothing: and so it is with the poets, and fame is but a savour and an air."

Yes, in the year 2000 men will have other light reading, other pillow-books; fortunate generation, if they have as good as these!

P.

ON SHELLEY.

Shelley, the Man and the Poet. By A. CLUTTON-BROCK. Second Edition. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

It is not often that narrative and criticism are found flowing smoothly together, but in this study of Shelley Mr. Clutton-Brock carries us along on a stream that is even, rapid, and deep. In dealing with Shelley the man there is a temptation to be either censorious or flippant, just as in dealing with the poet one must fight against the inclination to rhapsodize. Mr. Clutton-Brock avoids these pitfalls. He tells us that he writes as a middle-aged man for other middle-aged men; and this is a compliment to middle age. For his book is concise, humorous (but not too humorous), and just. To the undimmed, emotional insight of youth he adds a nicely sharpened judgment, and his new revised edition is warmly to be welcomed.

Shelley is reputedly the poet of youth; and without doubt the middle-aged of to-day gave their enthusiasm to him pretty freely twenty-five years ago. But is Shelley read much—or without secret impatience—by the young men of to-day? I doubt it. I suspect them of finding him out-of-date—out-of-date not only in his ideas and desires, but in his passion, in the very temper of his mind. His classicism, his romanticism, his transcendentalism—how unlike they are to their counterparts of to-day! Imitations we still have of Keats, of Byron, of Wordsworth, no less than of Messrs. Yeats, De la Mare, and Davies; but where is the young man of the present time who attempts, or is even inclined to attempt, an imitation of Shelley? No! Shelley is old-fashioned; and that not because his ideas are of another age (are we not all social reformers nowadays?), but because "there was something in all actual conditions of life, indeed, in all possible conditions of it, that would baulk him of the delight which he most desired. That was a delight of passion without reaction, of appetite freed from all the laws of appetite, and, at the same time, of a soul supreme over the body, a delight, in fact, of heaven, not of earth."

With these words Mr. Clutton-Brock gets to the very heart of the matter, and shows us Shelley's sociological and political ideas in their true proportion. Shelley's gorge rose at the cant and conventionality of the England in which he was born; and this aversion it was which threw him into the tragi-comic rôle of a social reformer. But the true Shelley was not there. The heaven after which his spirit really sighed was a heaven that is not to be made on earth. And the evidence of the unearthly and the inhuman passion by which he was consumed is to be found in his poetry, the beauty of which will always impress us as unearthly and inhuman.

Wisely does Mr. Clutton-Brock observe in his new preface: "It seems to me now that, as his powers increased, he became more, not less, unfitted for this life." Yes; Shelley was fortunate in dying before sorrow had gathered more darkly about him and about those whose lives were linked to his. To moralize upon his conduct through life is unprofitable. Let us rather thank whatever gods there be that among the kindly race of men there appeared this being of another order, this divine poet who was without humour, without common sense, without common tolerance or companionableness; this Shelley, who lacked so many of those comfortable qualities which go to make us, plain men and worthy citizens, what we are.

L. H. MYERS.

THE MEASURES OF THE POETS.

The Rhythm of Speech. By WILLIAM THOMSON, D.Litt. (Glasgow: MacLehose & Jackson. £5 5s.)

AMONG the subjects which a plain man might think settled, but which, on the contrary, invariably provoke a shower of acrimonious "Letters to the Editor," English prosody holds a principal place. In spite of several centuries' happy practice in the art of poetry, this unhappy country has not yet achieved an accepted theory of verse. It is the story of religion and theology again. Men of letters—bosom friends and old companions—who respect each other's learning and scholarship, are openly contemptuous of each other's views of verse. I am bound to say that their scepticism goes beyond mere English. Thus, the Marquess Wellesley took the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse at Oxford in 1780, and made in later years a pleasing collection of his compositions in the ancient tongues; and yet another Etonian, not less celebrated, is credited with the dark saying that, while all the Lord-Lieutenant's poems were bad, some were worse than others. At the risk of a little irrelevance, I am minded to tell a true story. A friend of mine, having heard a certain scholarly person give, in the seclusion of his home, a sound performance on the piano, sent him, as a card of thanks, these lines:—

"ne tu forte putes serrae stridentis acerbum
horrorem constare elementis levibus aequè
ac musæa mele, per chordæ organici quæ
mobilibus digitis expergefata figurant."

He had no reply, but heard later on, from a third party, that X was rather embarrassed, because Z had sent him some complimentary hexameters which were so bad that he did not quite know whether he ought to thank him or correct him. Yet the lines may be found in the Second Book of Lucretius.

Dr. William Thomson has made a determined effort to get at least one element of prosody settled for ever, and has, therefore, caused to be published the present large, and even splendid, volume on rhythm. It is a book into which has gone the patient labour of many years. Unlike most of those who conduct prosodical wars of the words, Dr. Thomson does not deal with vague generalities or theories, and makes no threatening flourish of terms. Sir Frederick Gore-Ouseley, dining at the Guards' mess on one occasion, told a tale of the musical enormities committed by a candidate for a degree. "Would you believe it," said the Professor, "nearly the whole of his submitted composition was in the Hypo-mixo-lydian mode?" "God bless my soul!" exclaimed the colonel, to whom the incomprehensible words conveyed a notion of crimes unmentionable in the presence of ladies. So certain of our other professors fire off their horrid names, as if a few explosions of hypercatalexis must silence all opponents. Dr. Thomson proceeds by the pure and tranquil methods of science, beginning with the inorganic rhythm to be felt in the beating of the pulse, or heard in the ticking of a clock, and passing to careful examination of organic rhythm in the speech of man from its simplest to its most complex forms. The investigation is tranquil; the investigator is not. In his earlier chapters he tries to do at once two different and difficult things: he tries to present an ordered case and to dance upon the bodies of his foes. Let us admit their offence and admire the vigour of the punishment; but let us be candid and confess that we are sometimes a little uncertain what Dr. Thomson is trying to do in the breathless pauses of the fray. His subject is very

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difficult. Ought he to make it cloudier still by writing pages full of sentences like this?—

"The commonest error about the simple measure that it is just another name for a foot, or, if not, that it is inadmissible, as dragging in the methods of music, inflicts a subtle and profound wound on rhythmical truth, one that is fatal, indeed, when the weapons are trochee and iambus. That this point should be clear is of cardinal importance."

The last sentence seems ironical. One of his chief preliminary contentions is that classical scholars, misled by ancient writers, have made a sensible prosody impossible by denying the existence of accent in Greek and Latin. Thus, I pick up Goodwin's Greek Grammar and read: "In ancient poetry rhythm depends on metre and not at all on accent; in modern poetry it depends on accent, and the quantity of the syllables (i.e., the metre) is generally no more regarded than it is in prose." Statements like that drive Dr. Thomson frantic, to the serious disorganization of his writing. We can pardon his agitation, especially when, on the other hand, we find Professor Saintsbury saying, with all the emphasis of italics: "*Every English metre since Chaucer at least can be scanned, within the proper limits, according to the strictest rules of classical prosody.*" Well, if Euclidian argument is still valid, it would appear that, as classical prosody fits modern English verse so exactly, modern English verse fits classical prosody, and modern English verse depending for its rhythm upon accent (*vide* Goodwin), ancient classical verse must, therefore, also depend for its rhythm upon accent. But, says Goodwin, ancient classical verse depends "not at all on accent." So accent and no-accent appear to be just the same, and to make no difference either way! Another conclusion is, of course, possible—that our teachers of prosody do not know what they are talking about. To this gloomy conviction Dr. Thomson has come, and he shows by numerous quotations (reprehensibly cited without references) that writers on prosody have talked themselves into a hopeless muddle, because they have argued about terms instead of listening to actual speech—or rather, as Dr. Thomson puts it, because they merely *see* rhythm as so many marks on paper, and do not really *hear* it.

Misled by the fact that *accentus* means "pitch" and not "accent," and that for our ambiguous word "accent" there is no exact equivalent in Greek or Latin, they have assumed that the absence of the word meant the absence of the thing, and that Greek and Latin had a something that was not really accent at all—a "pitch-stress," or a "quantity-stress" (or both), later transformed, suddenly and strangely, no man knowing how, into modern accent. In fact, our classical prosodists can scarcely be got to mention the word at all, and one gets the impression that somehow accent is not respectable, and that if you say "accent" and do not keep on saying "quantity," you will be proved to have gone to the wrong school, or to have been on the modern side, or to have taken science, or even to have sunk as low as history. The ancient prosodists themselves ignored accent, but we know by modern experience how easy it is for contemporary theorists to be deaf to obvious facts in their own speech.

Yet every human being in every known land, from the savage with his tom-tom and the boy scout with his drum, to the expert fox-trotter with his (or her) dancing-partner, instinctively, and perhaps unconsciously, recognizes accent and delights in accent, even though not knowing it by name. Is it credible that there were two highly sensitive and cultivated peoples who for a few centuries were entirely destitute of a universal human possession? Let us be sure that there was accent in their poetry, even though they did not write about it, just as there was accent in music, though no one knew how to record it till somebody in the sixteenth century had the happy thought of drawing a bar in front of each note that received the main "tap." As Dr. Thomson remarks, the efforts of prosodists to make quantity or pitch do the work of accent are as foolish as the attempt to prove that one hour is the same as one o'clock. All three elements were there; all three must have been there.

"Quantity without a basis of accent, and quantity without syllables (i.e., the relative stresses on the syllables of a word), are as unthinkable as an environment where there is no inheritance to be envired. The two are inseparable: the one is nothing without the other. You cannot have distances without points, nor points without distances. But, in practice, you must think first of the points. When you have fixed two points of time, you have determined one duration. With only one duration there can be no quantity."

The "points" are the accents.

In his later chapters, Dr. Thomson offers some beautifully suggestive analyses of English and foreign poems, besides the numerous examples cited in the course of his argument. Upon these pages the reader will dwell with delight, even though he may find it difficult to follow all the measurements given. The compilation of the volume must have been a most laborious task, and it is hardly likely to be materially profitable. Dr. Thomson must be content with the reward of knowing that he has made a contribution of first-rate importance to the study of verse.

The writing of a large book should always lead an author to the higher task of writing a small one. Anyone can say what he means in five hundred pages: the test comes when he tries to say it in fifty. Dr. Thomson, abandoning controversy and leaving his foes for dead, should now attempt some smaller manuals. Let him, for a start, write a little volume called "How to Read Latin Verse." It would be welcome. Some of his attempted "rhythmizations" are most ingenious. Thus, on the vexed question of the galliambic, he writes that it "belongs to a type that seems to have agitated scholars, poets, and prosodists over a long period, without enlightening people who belong to none of these categories as to how it should be read. All one gathers from their explanations, divisions, scansion, and imitations is that they read it with the wrong quantities, and did not understand the accentual scheme naturally attaching to the right ones. To put the matter in a nutshell, Honours men leave our universities incapable of reproducing the reputed quantities with even an approach to correctness." Dr. Thomson then shows (speaking in terms of music) that all the measures are in three-four time, except the first, which is in six-eight, and he tells us that one may divine the movement by help of the words "And be-] sides she told him] friend-like that a | storm was a-coming | on." But even this will not help the reader very much, unless he is warned that "friend-like" must be two equal "longs," and "was a-coming on" four equal "shorts." Here is Dr. Thomson's doggerel rhythmization of the first five lines of the "Attis":

"Super alta vectus Attis celeri rate maria,
Phrygium ut nemus citato cupide pede tetigit,
adiitque opaca silvis redimita loca deae,
stimulatis ibi furenti rabie, vagus animis
devoluit ile acuto sibi pondere silicis."

"She prepared to leave her sunshade to the bull, when a cavalier
Who adored the ground she walked on, volunteered, with
a pretty oath,
And despite her friendly warning that a toss was upon the
cards,
To restore the coveted object, or to die making the attempt.
Now, that was his mistake, Sir, as I think you and I'll
agree."

Here, again, the doggerel will not help us unless we remember that "sunshade," "walked on," "warning," &c., must be two equal longs, and that "when a cava," "with a pretty," &c., four equal shorts. "The accents on *leave*, *ground*, *friend*, *cav*, are, in natural English speech, strong, and must be toned down to give the compound effect of the six-eight measure. So must the accent on the first syllable of *pretty*."

We have been able to touch on but a few of the matters dealt with in this remarkable treatise. Times being hard (in other than the prosodic sense), not many people will be found able to pay five guineas for a book on rhythm. The duty of intelligent librarians is, therefore, obvious.

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his definite acceptance of Christianity as the State religion and his foundation of a New Rome in Constantinople by which the Empire was definitely divided into two parts, Eastern and Western, Greek and Latin. At the point at which Professor Bury begins this study these fundamental changes had been definitely established. The constitutional unity of the Empire was maintained, and the dual system might have lasted indefinitely but for the dismemberment of the Western provinces by the German invaders. It is with the "German Conquest of Western Europe" that the first volume is concerned. The second is devoted to the "Age of Justinian," a period less than half as long as that treated in the first volume. The disproportion is due to the paucity of historical records of the fifth century, but the author can boast that the reader will find here "a fuller account of the events of the reign of Justinian than in any other work." A discussion as to the causes of the fall of the Roman Empire before the invader in the West shows the writer discarding, not only the moralizings of an Augustine, but the theories of modern writers. Gibbon's "principle of decay" itself requires explanation. The theory of "depopulation" has as corollary the theory of the vast numbers of the German peoples who bore down upon the Roman world. Professor Bury sweeps away the "floods" and "swarms" of the picturesque historians in the cold light of statistics. The total number of one of the large East German nations probably seldom exceeded 100,000, and its army 20,000 or 30,000. (Everywhere possible the writer brings us to definite numbers, and his estimate of the population of the Empire in the time of Constantine as 70,000,000 as against the 120,000,000 of Gibbon is interesting.)

If depopulation, the fiscal system, or the Christian religion spelt decline in the West, why, it is pertinently asked, did the Empire survive so much longer in the East? That there was a decline since the best days of the Republic is obvious, but this need not have spelt the triumph of the invader. When all is said, Professor Bury finds that the collapse of the Roman power in the West was due to a *series of contingent events*. Here we have the last word in historical realism, and to some it will seem a hard saying. But though the philosophic historian may grumble, the ordinary reader will be well content to turn from these general questions to the vivid picture which Professor Bury gives us of a world in flux. It is a crowded canvas, and even if the Roman Emperors and generals and statesmen of the fifth century are somewhat dim figures, and the barbarian leaders hardly less vague, what can be discerned of them is here presented. The first of these fatal contingencies which spelt disaster to the West was the irruption of the Huns into Europe, and in this connection we get a masterly portrait of Attila the superman, ill-favoured, but supremely capable, an accomplished diplomat, and by no means a monster of cruelty. Professor Bury is a great demolisher of traditions, and he shows that the Hun danger averted in 451 at the Battle of Maurica (traditionally Châlons, but this is all wrong) has been greatly exaggerated. The Hun power could not have outlasted the lifetime of Attila.

But amidst the ebb and flow of the tide of invasion in the fifth century the student of history will perhaps find his interest in realizing more definitely something of the economic and social conditions of the population of the Roman world. Since the end of the third century there had been a progressive movement within the Empire towards *compulsion*. The wars and disasters of the third century produced an unrest which threatened to leave the soil untilled and many necessary but laborious occupations abandoned. The danger was met by compulsion, with the result that the movement for the substitution of free for servile labor was checked, and serfdom and hereditary status were increased. Fortunately, there was some levelling up as well as down. The same burdensome tendency made it compulsory in certain trades for the son to succeed the father. In municipal life it took the form of the burden of compulsory service laid upon the class of *Curiales*. In the sixth century as in the fifth, in East as well as West, the burden of the Imperial system lay heavy. The magnificence of Justinian, of which the sumptuous pile of St. Sophia seems the appropriate symbol, was founded upon the financial oppression of his subjects. The rule of John the Cappado-

cian, the misery of the Provincials groaning under impossibly heavy taxation, the Court intrigues, the struggle of Eunuch and Empress—these form the obverse of the medal. Such terrible visitations as the Great Plague, which devastated the Empire in the summer of 542, might have occurred in any period before the advance in medical science which marked the nineteenth century; but such a phenomenon as the famine at Constantinople in 408 represents one of those "muddles" to which the Roman Empire seemed particularly liable. Constantinople (a piquant reproduction of old Rome—with its free bread and amusements) depended on Egypt for its corn, and it sometimes happened that there was a lack of transport ships at Alexandria! The ubiquity of secret agents in the provinces was a feature of the Imperial system which did not make for happiness. Many rough parallels might be drawn between the working of that system and the methods of Tudor despotism. The powers of the Senate at Constantinople might be compared with those of the English Parliament under Henry VIII. Yet the system had its quasi-democratic side. It was an "autocracy tempered by the legal right of revolution." The Emperor Justin, father of Justinian, was an Illyrian peasant. "Like hundreds of other country youths, he set forth with a bag of bread on his back and walked to Constantinople to better his fortunes by enlisting in the army."

These volumes afford some striking portraits of prominent women of the time. Saints or sinners, they were no weaklings. Pulcheria was regent of the Eastern Empire at the age of sixteen. The Empress Eudocia "brought down the house" by the last words of her oration on the occasion of a visit to Antioch—a quotation from Homer: "I boast that I am of your race and blood." Of Theodora it need only be said that she tempts Professor Bury into the ranks of the romantics when he applies to her Swinburne's verdict on Mary Stewart—"something better than innocent." But it is a far cry from the adorable ineptitude of the Scottish Queen to the efficiency of the wife of Justinian, chaste as a wife after a turbulent youth, because it was seemly and safe, but inexorable where her own interests were concerned, procuring the murder of the Gothic Queen Amalasuntha because she feared the presence in Constantinople of a rival who should be her intellectual equal, with the additional advantage of an unblemished past. The story of the struggle of orthodoxy against successive heresies in these two centuries is full of colour and incident; the story, too, has interest of dying paganism looking wistfully to the past and receiving its *coup de grâce* from the severity of Justinian fulminating against the "madness of the unholy Hellenes."

The summary of Justinian's legal achievements affords us many sidelights on the civilization of the later Roman Empire. A tendency towards simplicity and equity in civil law had been developing for centuries, and Justinian's work was to complete and stereotype this in many directions. It is interesting to realize that Justinian finally laid down the scheme of intestate succession which prevails in most European countries to-day. The legislation on the subject of divorce under the autocracy "forms a remarkable and unpleasant exception to the general course of the logical and reasonable development of Roman jurisprudence." The influence of the Church came to complicate a tendency which bade fair to make divorce as easy as many would have it to-day. Under Augustus divorce was a simple matter, but Constantine's policy was entirely reactionary. There were subsequent modifications, sometimes in the direction of relaxation and again of stringency. Finally, under Justinian, rules were laid down only less severe than those of Constantine, but, even so, civil law was never brought quite into line with canon law, which pronounced marriage indissoluble. The Church, again, exerted an influence in the direction of severity in criminal law, but this tendency had, in fact, set in with the inauguration of the Empire itself. "Augustus and his successors definitely stemmed the current of tendency which, in the last period of the Republic, promised entirely to do away with capital punishment, but they did not introduce any new reasonable principle into the theory or practice of criminal law."

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gives an impression of humanity and ripe scholarship apt to its task of holding up the mirror to the Roman world on the eve of change to that "last phase of Hellenism," in which the Roman elements were, after all, but forms and survivals.

THE NATURE OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

The Evolution of the Conscious Faculties. By J. VARENDONCK. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

In his introduction to this interesting book the author observes, only too truly, that "in no field of human activity does there prevail such a confusion of terms as in psychology." And of all the terms used in that science, none is employed more loosely than the term "consciousness." Dr. Varendonck himself, though not immune from criticism on this score, does, at any rate, largely disarm us by giving formal definitions of several of his principal terms. Some of these definitions are excellent, as, for example: "A thought is the adaptation of revived memories to a present situation under the influence of affect or will." Unfortunately, he is not always so satisfactory. Thus, he defines a conscious operation as one "in which the mind takes part and tends towards a new adaptation to the surroundings"—which, although true, is a little like defining jumping as a way of getting over a gate. Elsewhere, he says that all authors, including himself, agree in affirming that habit represents the opposite pole to consciousness. Bergson is a little more helpful. "Matter is necessity," he says, "consciousness is freedom." And elsewhere, "Consciousness is action, unceasingly creating and enriching itself." One can but recall Tupper and Gilbert:—

"A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men dread a bandit."

As a matter of fact, the word "consciousness" is, both in popular language and in scientific text-books, used in many different senses. Thus it is commonly taken to signify sensitiveness to pain and pleasure. At times it is used as a synonym for intellectual awareness; at other times as covering almost the same ground as intelligence. Dr. Varendonck, at any rate, eliminates some of these alternative definitions, especially that which identifies consciousness with intelligence; and it is clear that by "consciousness" he generally means the state of intellectual awareness.

Apart from the slight mental confusion, inevitable both in reader and author, resulting from the attempt to use a popular term in other than its popular significance, "The Evolution of the Conscious Faculties" is a closely reasoned, stimulating, and really valuable contribution to our knowledge of its subject. It undoubtedly owes much to the writings of M. Ribot, but Dr. Varendonck is well justified by his own original contributions. He holds that memory is the fundamental factor of the psyche, and that perception and conception alike rest on it. He quotes the true saying of Ribot: "Without memory, the sensory organs would render us no service, as they would teach us nothing."

He shows how fallacious is the popular idea that intelligence and consciousness are peculiar to certain superior species of animals, and that memory and the conscious faculties are only possible in creatures that possess a brain. As Bergson said, it would be equally absurd "to declare an animal incapable of feeding itself because it had no stomach." Dr. Varendonck argues, indeed, and, we think, conclusively, that the psychic functions in the lowest organism are the same in number and quality as in man himself. Holding, as has been said, memory to be the basis which supports the whole edifice of the mind, the author devotes considerable space to an analysis of that faculty. For this purpose he divides it into two species, which he calls respectively the reduplicative memory and the synthetical memory, corresponding roughly with Bergson's "integral or true memory which retains and lines up, one after the other, all our states as they present themselves, leaving each fact in its chronological position; and the partial or biased memory, which assembles facts in an order of logical dependence, not in the succession of time." In the lowest animals memory is almost entirely of the former species, being the primitive condition under which the organism can preserve its life, allowing it at least to react anticipatively should the same conditions be reproduced in the outer world. Yet even in

the simplest organisms there is some power, however small, of reacting in a new manner to new conditions, based on a rearrangement of the elements of memory; and as we go higher and higher up the animal scale, this adaptability—this exercise of choice—plays an increasing part.

Now, the theory advanced in this book, and supported by a wealth of argument and illustration, is that consciousness, whatever its nature may be, is an essential accompaniment of this process of choice; that is, the process of the free disposal of the elements of memory. In the absence of consciousness, it is the reduplicative memory alone which manifests itself, and no attempt is made at new adaptations to the outer world. All sorts of techniques which we have acquired and have sufficiently mastered to perform them, as we say, "by habit"—as riding a bicycle, working a sewing-machine, and the like—which at first involved the use of the synthetical memory, and were accompanied by full awareness and conscious attention, can, with great saving of effort, be handed over to the reduplicative memory for automatic execution.

Whilst agreeing that it is useful to point out these two stages in the use of memory, it may well be questioned if there is any excuse for regarding them as representing separate entities. Is not the capacity to select items from the stores of memory, without necessarily bringing to the surface whole chains with which they were chronologically linked, the result of developing emotional sensibility, itself resulting from greater motility and experience?

It is clear that one of the principal uses of consciousness is to assist in delaying the first spontaneous movement of response to a stimulus. We are familiar with the tendency of concentrated conscious attention to inhibit movement of every kind. In deep thought we may even stop in our walk. The awaking of consciousness, indeed, seems, as Ribot suggested, to constitute the alternative to the passage of an idea into movement. But, although one hesitates to suggest additions to the largely useless jargon which clogs so many works on psychology, it certainly is to be desired that two or three new terms may be introduced to designate the several distinct concepts at present all covered uncomfortably by the term "consciousness."

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REVIEWS

SIR MARK SYKES.

Sir Mark Sykes: his Life and Letters. By SHANE LESLIE.
With Introduction by WINSTON CHURCHILL. (Cassell 16s.)

THAT which comes from the pen of Shane Leslie is inevitably skilful. One may approve or disapprove; one must admire. Certainly, if he had wished to invite criticism, he could not have chosen an easier subject for attack than to write the "Life" of a brilliant man, whom he barely knew, and who had been absorbed in the East, where Shane Leslie had never travelled.

Those who knew Mark Sykes find it difficult to conceive the possibility of a perfect biography of their friend. A church can be photographed, but not the spirit of worship within it, and what most men will feel is that the task set to any biographer of Mark Sykes is too difficult, for, much as he had accomplished, his life's work was before him. Sir Mark Sykes's own description of his friend George Wyndham was as near perfection as could be, but he would have been the first to admit that the intangible charm of that unique personality could no more be put on paper than sunlight can be caged. What was true of Wyndham is true of Sykes.

For his material, Shane Leslie had, presumably, a meagre record of a talented and eccentric boy brought up in kaleidoscopic and contrasting circumstances, which gave a glittering inconsequence to his life which was far removed from purposelessness. The qualities of Mark Sykes were as much outside convention as his abilities were above the average. H. G. Wells wrote a story of an angel whose music was condemned in a provincial drawing-room because the angel could not read it. Now the gift of Mark Sykes was different; like the angel, he could not read the music, because he had never cared to learn it, but all men understood that there was magic in his playing.

Until the Paris Conference, the prizes towards which he had turned his eyes came to him, not through victory over other competitors, but of themselves, as gifts. He desired only what his genius could give him, and perhaps that was why his life was surely one of the happiest upon earth. Part of his strength in politics was a common sense that was only not common because it was lighted by his wit and his peculiar eloquence. Balanced phrases came naturally to him, and epigrams so easily that they seemed almost accidental. But his heart was never far behind his head, and there was much more than sparkle in his speeches.

Mr. Leslie makes his book tingle with the personality of his subject. Mark Sykes speaks himself in his letters, in his books, his speeches, and his drawings. His romance, his laughter, his embracing vision, his subtlety, can be seen. It is not the author's fault that his sense of justice is not as apparent. Here is an illustration. He was bitten by a dog in Syria; the dog and he travelled together to Constantinople, where, after a time, both were passed fit by the competent Medical Authority. He had that lady pariah restored to her indifferent family at Beyrout, because it seemed to him—and he was not a dog lover—to be an honourable obligation.

When Mark Sykes does not speak, those who loved him do. Mr. Beck's letter to Lady Sykes, in its sorrow and simplicity, is perhaps the most touching. He understood what she had meant to her husband, and he knew Mark the boy and Mark the man, who was untouched by temptation as were Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego by fire. This was partly due to his passionate devotion to his religion, but it was also one of the qualities born in him, that made him different from, and happier than, other men.

But why was the preface to the *Life and Letters* written by Mr. Winston Churchill? Mr. Churchill and Sir Mark have both been great men in their generation; beyond that, there was little in common between them, except a weakness that is sometimes aggressive in Mr. Churchill and was often engaging in Mark. Both men, when they had a conviction, were deaf to arguments. Mr. Churchill hurled his

polysyllables, and Mark Sykes thundered lines of Shakespeare; but Mark's anger was born of divine fire, and, like summer lightning, ended quickly, while the wrath of Mr. Churchill was apt to be terrestrial and iconoclastic.

Shane Leslie traces evenly the evolution of his mind—the East and his love for it, his irrelevant school and university career, the Boer war and literature, the East and the House of Commons. The abrupt and, indeed, the harsh change that the war made in his attitude is little emphasized. Before the war, it was not only desert winds, or minarets, or sunset on the Bosphorus, that fascinated him; it was the people of the East, whom he understood through his own queer, sympathetic humour. He did not like them all; he had no love for the Armenians; he called Russia a disease; he knew the virtues and the vices of the Arabs; he admired, and laughed with, and at, the Turks. Then came the war of St. George and the Dragon, and for him the Dragon's tail was in the East, and the Dragon's heart was in its tail. All was changed. In the past he had hated the meanness of the French; now they were our Allies, and could do no wrong. In the past he had liked the Turks; now they were our enemies and had to be utterly defeated. A man may like Etna for its wines, but, when Mount Etna bursts into eruption and threatens him and his family with death, its wines are forgotten in the flood of lava. Mark Sykes flung the whole vitality of his impetuous being into his work.

The scope of this review does not allow of the discussion of his pre-war policy. Two prophecies are remarkable. In 1911 he wrote from Tunisia to his wife of French misgovernment and tyranny to the native population:—

"I gather that within two years there will be a wider expanse of mismanagement, and I am pretty certain a sudden and violent upheaval within the next ten years. I am sure you cannot methodically irritate, ignore, and exasperate three million people without an eventual smash on a large and irrevocable scale."

His words are coming true. If our own affairs did not absorb us to-day, we should be awake to the near menace of the explosion of the powder-barrel that the French call their African Colonies.

In 1914 he wrote:—

"We are going to win this war, we are going to punish the guilty; that means perhaps a two years' war, or a five years' or seven years' war, and it means that Prussian militarism is going to be crushed, and in crushing it we shall have to become a part of it."

His words came true.

The present writer was not in agreement with the Eastern politics of Sir Mark Sykes, but he appreciated the motives of his action. The Sykes-Picot Agreement, as Mr. Leslie truly says, was not the work of one Englishman; it was the work of a number of men acting under the instructions of their respective Governments. It was only when troubles came with victory that Mark Sykes was made to bear the whole responsibility. The Sykes-Picot Agreement was no better than most other war measures, but Mark Sykes saw in it something more than an expedient, a hope of peace and of reconciliation. He attempted to do in Asia Minor and Arabia what he had tried to do in the Irish crisis. He hated cruelty and he loved peace. One of the "Very Great," deploring his loss, said: "There was no one like him. But he thought he could work miracles. You can't reconcile men in a moment who have secular feuds." Sykes did undoubtedly underrate the oil lust in Europe and the blood lust in Asia. He did not live to see the decisions of the Peace Conference, with M. Clemenceau with rusty, but vindictive claws, the punctual betrayals of Mr. Lloyd George, or Mr. Wilson mumbling front-stair formulae while he was being hustled down to the back door. He did not live to see the Black-and-Tans in Ireland, or a Press bellowing to a world that seemed an asylum for homicidal lunatics. Had he lived, events, for a time, would have been too big for him, as they have been for all men. Ultimately, his influence must have hastened a return to sanity and decency. With him has gone a certain quality in laughter and a sparkle in politics that his friends will not know again.

AUBREY HERBERT.

AUTHOR, FISHERMAN, AND BOATMAN.

Letters of Stephen Reynolds. Edited by HAROLD WRIGHT.
(Hogarth Press. 16s.)

MR. HAROLD WRIGHT renders a notable service by publishing these letters. He was for some years in closest association with Stephen Reynolds, and from the great store of material lying ready to his hands might well have attempted a formal biography. With a discretion that cannot be praised too highly he has chosen the better way. As he says himself, the letters "reveal the writer's personality more completely than any biographer could hope to do." And they do this in some of the best English that has been written in our time.

Stephen Reynolds possessed a gift of letter-writing that becomes increasingly rare as new methods of quick and short correspondence are developed. He was far from indifferent to these new methods, but for purposes of friendly and unofficial communication he relied on his pen almost exclusively. In one of the most interesting letters in Mr. Wright's selection we find him writing to Tom Woolley, who fished from the same boat with him, asking his acceptance of a copy of one of his books, and concluding: "I can make my meaning so much plainer in writing than in talk." It was because of his mastery in this form of communication that so many of his letters were preserved and are treasured by his friends. However preoccupied latterly with the business of his appointments as Fisheries Adviser to the Development Commission and as Inspector under the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries for the South-Western Area, he found it possible to write to his friends often and at length, and always in the same vivid and perspicuous English.

It is a strangely absorbing story that is told in these letters. They divide themselves roughly into two main series. There is the earlier series addressed to Mr. Edward Garnett, and dealing chiefly with his literary struggles and his fight for health, and the second addressed to Mr. H. G. Maurice, head of the Fisheries Branch of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, and concerned primarily with fisheries questions.

It was an accident that brought Stephen Reynolds to Sidmouth, first as a seaside visitor in search of health, and then as a permanent member of the Woolley family, fishermen of that place. He had been educated to science, was a B.Sc. of Manchester University, and an accomplished musician. Among his fishermen friends of Sidmouth he found the inspiration of his life. His best books—"A Poor Man's House," "Alongshore," "Seems So," and "How 'Twas"—were written under the influence of this inspiration, and "Seems So" in actual collaboration with Bob and Tom Woolley. Nor did he confine himself to an artistic view of the fisherman's life. He came in time to take a full share in its joys and sorrows, and eventually to work from the Sidmouth beach as boatman and fisherman himself. Many a visitor to that delectable resort has enjoyed unwittingly the privilege of being rowed round Sidmouth Bay by a young author who had already attracted the admiring attention of Mr. Joseph Conrad. His proudest moment at this period was the recognition accorded him by his fellow fishermen that he was one of themselves and that he had earned his "standing on the beach." So far did he identify himself with the fishermen of Sidmouth that he succeeded in penetrating the barrier of reserve that separates the working class of England from the classes nominally above them, and was admitted to their innermost confidence. Their cause became his, and thenceforth he devoted to their interests all the resources of his literary genius and of a practical ability almost equally remarkable.

In the second phase of his life we find Stephen Reynolds formulating schemes for the revival and the maintenance of the inshore fisheries, and invading without trepidation official circles. He was that rare phenomenon, a man of ideas with a businesslike plan for giving effect to them. I have myself never known which more to admire—the brilliance of his achievements as a creative artist in literature or his deadly earnestness and precision in the practical sphere. His fisheries reports were models of clear thinking and clear exposition, and, based as they were on years of experience as a working fisherman, found speedy acceptance in a department of State of which, as Mr. Maurice records, he had once been a redoubtable critic. It is admitted on all hands that

to Stephen Reynolds is chiefly due the wise and sympathetic policy that now governs the relations between the fishermen of England and Wales and the central department.

The writer of these letters died at the lamentably early age of thirty-eight. He was a victim of the great war. To his ordinary duties during that terrible period were added many others consequent on the adoption of compulsory military service and on the establishment of necessary naval restrictions round the coast. Putting aside for the time being all his larger aims, his one object in the years of the war was "to see the West Country fisheries through with the minimum of destruction." So he says in his letter to Mr. Maurice of November 11th, 1918. This he did magnificently, but at an expenditure of vital forces that carried him off in February of the next year. He accomplished not only this immediate object, but in part also the object of his earlier dreams. He left behind him, as I have said, a policy that during his life began to affect, greatly for their good, the welfare of the inshore fisheries, and that, if carried out faithfully, will establish them on a basis of permanent prosperity:—

"So much one man can do
That doth both act and know."

I heartily recommend this admirably edited book to all lovers of good literature. It will need no recommendation in the circles where Stephen Reynolds was known and loved, and where there is already a deep appreciation of his incomparable services to the fishermen of our coasts.

CECIL HARMSWORTH.

THREE AMERICAN NOVELS.

The Bright Shawl. By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

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Rough-Hewn. By DOROTHY CANFIELD. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

"THE BRIGHT SHAWL" is one of the best of Mr. Hergesheimer's books, and the form in which the story is presented, even though a good deal more might have been made of it, gives it a particular charm. It is an old man's reverie over the glory of his vanished youth, its pride and passion. But it is not a love-story. Charles Abbott, at twenty-three, is an idealist, a hater of tyranny, all his emotions characterized by a fiery generosity. Friendship is more to him than love, because friendship, as he finds it, is bound up with the sacred cause of human freedom. He glances round the world as if in search of some high adventure that may be worth the sacrifice of youth and life. There is Cuba, suffering under the intolerable rule of Spain. The call to this young American, aflame with every noble illusion, is irresistible. He will go to Cuba; he will help her to shake off her burden.

And all this has happened forty years ago; is a dream of the past, tinged with the sadness of remembrance; a dream aroused one October afternoon as an old man sits in his lonely house listening to somebody next door playing Liszt's Spanish Rhapsody. The playing ceases; outside, the day darkens; but Charles Abbott dreams on in his chair—"he had never again seen a woman like La Clavel, a friend who could compare with Andrés, wickedness such as Pilar's, days and players as brilliant as those of Havana"—the Havana of his lost youth. . . .

So the story shapes itself in retrospect, growing ever more vivid, a moving, coloured thing, glittering, exotic, with its background of a city standing in miraculous whiteness—the whiteness of marble—touched with green and pink in the hot sunshine, above the blue water. It is a swift, cruel story; the characters, who make it, subtly brutal in contrast with the delicate young American. It is a story of violent deeds, of intrigue and of bloodshed, painted in burning colours, symbolized by the bright shawl of La Clavel, the Spanish dancer. This La Clavel is passionate and capricious, but capable of generosity and self-sacrifice. She loves Charles Abbott, who remains cold to her advances; she guesses that he is involved in the Cuban conspiracy; she spies for him and murders for him, then sends him her shawl, and with this disappears from his life. There enters now the most amazing creation in the book, another dancer, a young

girl in the pay of the Spaniards, brought to Havana for a special purpose, brought to fascinate Charles, to get from him the secrets of the plot. Seemingly by chance, he is presented to her at a café:—

"At once he recognized that she was unusual, strange: he had dismissed her as plain, if not actually ugly, and that judgment he was forced to recall. . . . Then he realized that a large part of her enigmatic charm came from the fact that she was, to a marked degree, Chinese. Her face, evenly, opaquely pale, was flat, an oval which held eyes with full, ivory-like lids, narrow eyebrows, a straight, small nose, and lips heavily coated with a carmine that failed utterly to disguise their level strength. Her lustreless hair, which might have been soot metamorphosed into straight, broad strands, was drawn back severely, without ornament or visible pins, over her shapely skull. . . . From time to time she looked at him; he caught a glimpse of eyes, blue, grey, or green, oblique and disturbing. . . . Charles Abbott hadn't grasped her name, and in reply to his further query, she told him in a low voice that it was Pilar, Pilar de Lima. Yes, she had been born in Peru. . . . Her tactile curiosity was insatiable, she trailed her sensitive hands over every strange surface that offered. . . . Then he recalled, still with a slight shudder of delight, the soft draggins feel of her fingers on his cheek."

And this girl, this child of fifteen or sixteen, is more evil than the cruellest, than the most corrupt of the Spaniards. She seems to Charles Abbott, as she sits, in her strange pallor, by the marble fountain, trailing her hand in the water, like a water-lily. But the roots of this slim, white flower draw their life from a horrible mess and slime of blood. Pilar, with her exquisite detachment, her flat little voice, her two or three words of conversation, once she appears, dominates everything. Mr. Hergesheimer thrusts her into the background, tells us practically nothing about her; but she haunts our imagination, she is what we remember most vividly when we close the book.

The subject and setting of "The Bright Shawl" exactly suit Mr. Hergesheimer's talent. Not always, in the past, has he escaped crudity and melodrama, but here he can be as violent as he pleases and yet keep his picture true to life. At all events, he has done so; the illusion is complete and satisfying, and the retrospective note at the beginning, and again at the end, rounds the whole thing off, touches it with poetry; the story has been designed to be read, and should be read, at a sitting.

There is little romance in "Children of the Market Place." Mr. Masters gives us a historical novel mainly concerned with American political life during the middle years of the nineteenth century, beginning with the landing of James Miles, a youth of eighteen, in New York, in 1833, and ending with an epilogue dated 1900. It is a long book, cast in the form of an autobiography supposed to have been left by Miles himself, and just sufficiently personal to keep us interested in the fortunes of the writer. The real hero is Stephen Douglas, whose political career is followed closely from its beginnings till his death in 1861. And the book does produce the effect of an actual memoir. Events happen, drop into the past, and are forgotten; the private affairs of Miles are dwarfed by the greater drama that is being played out on the political stage; even a certain note of dryness helps the illusion. It is not an absorbing novel, but it is a solid, judicious piece of work, a sane and lucid interpretation of history, in which the facts and scenes are eloquently presented.

With "Rough-Hewn" we return to more familiar paths. It is a study of the childhood and adolescence of the two chief characters in Miss Canfield's earlier novel, "The Brimming Cup." The boy, Neale Crittenden, is brought up in America; the girl, Marise, in Europe; and they meet, in the last chapters, in Rome. Miss Canfield has written a clever novel, not particularly imaginative, but very well observed. She has put an immense amount of work into it, and here and there, as in the account of Neale's football career, the mass of detail becomes a trifle heavy. But both Neale and Marise are pleasing persons, and if the man seems to stand more solidly before us, that is partly because Marise, we feel, is not, even at the end of the book, fully developed. She is subtler and more impressionable than her young lover; life, we know, will be infinitely more dangerous to her, because it can penetrate to her spirit and shape it, while Neale it can but bruise and batter. Several of the

minor characters are excellent, Marise's mother, a kind of American Emma Bovary, being particularly good. The little episode in which her silly romanticism and vanity lead to a tragic waste of life is probably the best thing in the book.

FORREST REID.

FRANCE AND THE WAR.

As We See It: France and the Truth about the War. By RENÉ VIVIANI, former Premier of the French Republic. English Translation by THOMAS R. YBARRA. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d.)

Whither France? Whither Europe? By JOSEPH CAILLAUX. Translated by K. M. ARMSTRONG. (Fisher Unwin. 10s.)

EVERYTHING that throws light on the attitude and policy of France is of interest to-day, and there should be many readers for these two books by distinguished Frenchmen, now presented in an English form. They differ widely, however, in character and importance. M. Viviani is concerned mainly with the causes of the war; M. Caillaux with the consequences of the peace. M. Viviani speaks with the confidence of orthodoxy, and his vigorous polemic will delight those who already share his views. M. Caillaux speaks as one crying in the wilderness; he challenges alike national policies, popular ideas, and existing institutions; there are few who will not be stirred at some stage in his argument to violent disagreement; but there are few intelligent readers whom his book will not stimulate to clearer thought.

The purpose of "As We See It" is to bring home to Germany and her late ruler sole responsibility for the war. In the ex-Kaiser's Memoirs, to which it is a reply, M. Viviani has easy game; but while M. Viviani's account of his own part in the drama of 1914 will be read with interest, it cannot be said that the book adds much to our knowledge of the subject. As a speech for the prosecution it is forcible and effective; but it is too rhetorical and too one-sided to have much historical importance. In the analysis of European history for the fifty years preceding the war there is not one word to suggest that any single feature in the policy of France, Russia, or Britain could be regarded with even a momentary suspicion—that anything in the political conceptions shared by Europe as a whole may have contributed to the likelihood of conflict. We are almost tempted to believe that M. Viviani regards war itself as an invention of the Hohenzollerns. Hence, when he comes to examine, very briefly, the problems of the peace, he has no doubts and no hesitations. "France, who, as always, is hostile to conquests, to wars, to adventures," demands security and reparations. Germany is guilty; Germany must pay. Because it is just, it is desirable; because it is desirable, it is possible. That is an attitude with which we have to reckon.

"Whither France? Whither Europe?" is of less value as evidence of French opinion; it is of incomparably greater value in the solution of our present difficulties. This may be said whether or no we accept all its conclusions. It is the outstanding merit of the book that it seeks to trace the great social and economic forces at work beneath the surface of European politics; and even when we differ from M. Caillaux, his trenchant analysis can hardly fail to stir us also to an endeavour to penetrate more deeply into the causes of things.

The book was originally written in 1921; but in a special preface for this edition M. Caillaux avows that he has nothing to alter or retract. Indeed, he rightly claims that what has happened since its first appearance lends additional force to some, at least, of his contentions.

M. Caillaux covers so much ground that it is difficult to give even an outline of his argument. Broadly speaking, he traces both the war and the present situation of Europe to the helpless drift of politicians on the currents of an aggressive nationalism, fostered on the one hand by reactionary elements scheming for the retention of power and privilege, on the other by the great cartels and trusts seeking to obtain by Protection a monopoly of the home market, and by organized dumping the control of markets abroad. For escape from the existing anarchy of warring interests he looks to democratic control of industry, to the organization

in each country of an economic State, distinct from, but subordinate to, the political State, and to co-operation between the nations.

So bald a summary must inevitably do M. Caillaux injustice. There is undoubtedly an element of vagueness in his constructive proposals, and of exaggeration in his attribution of all evil to the "profiteers," under whom he seems to include almost the entire business world; but every chapter is packed with food for thought. The comments on the Balkanization of Europe; on the multiplication of Customs barriers, and of restrictions on the free movement of trade and capital; on the problems of national debts, inflation, reparations, the occupation of the Rhineland, and inter-Allied indebtedness, will meet with wide acceptance in this country. Of still fresher interest to many readers will be the passages in which M. Caillaux discusses the relation of French war-finance to reparations, the breakdown of Communism in Russia, and the "Green" or peasant movement in Russia itself, Austria, Hungary, and Bavaria, with its return to obsolete forms of agricultural and industrial organization. Altogether, this is an able, provocative, important book.

M. Caillaux has been well served by his translator, who has clothed his argument in clear, vigorous English. We feel that M. Viviani's eloquence would read better in the original French.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Deutsche in England. Von Dr. C. R. HENNINGS. (Stuttgart: Ausland und Heimat Verlags-Aktiengesellschaft.)

DR. HENNINGS has had the happy idea of writing for his countrymen a brief account of their history and activities in this country. Prof. Schaible and other writers have preceded him in the same field, but there was doubtless needed the succinct and yet sufficient record and discussion which are to be found in this book. The author goes back to the original Saxon settlement, and to the times long before the Hansa merchants, when Ethelred allowed the import of German goods in German bottoms, on condition that the merchants brought him certain pieces of cloth, ten pounds of pepper, five pairs of gloves, and two small casks of vinegar. A rapid survey of the centuries brings Dr. Hennings to the times of Queen Victoria, wherein we have, in the realm of science and medicine, the names of Hofmann, Mond, Siemens, Weber, Semon, and others; in the banking world, of Baring, Goschen, and Speyer; in the spheres of music and art, of Goldschmidt, Ganz, Benedict, Halle, Manns, Henschel, Herkomer, Böhm, and a crowd of others. Next, Dr. Hennings comes to the sad wrench of the war, reproaching us rather in sorrow than in anger for some things we did. He asserts, on the authority of "leading English statesmen," that the invasion of Belgium was not the cause of our entering the war, but the pretext. He appears to have been brought to this conclusion partly by the words of Sir Edward (now Lord) Carson, quoted as spoken at Portsmouth, October 24th, 1917: "We must destroy every German business and get these businesses ourselves; we can do that now." The author gives a summary and explanation of the rules for internment of Germans, of the Trading with the Enemy Act and its amendments, and of other ordinances and proceedings against his countrymen during the war. But his purpose is to abate and not to increase ill-feeling, and he quotes from *THE NATION*, January 18th, 1919: "No European nation has owed so much in the past as we have to a succession of alien immigration." That is abundantly true, and therefore we warmly applaud Dr. Hennings for his endeavour, in this admirable little book, to repair the ill that has been done.

American Poetry, 1922: a Miscellany. (Cape. 6s.)

THIS is the second volume of the series "intended to be an American companion" to "Georgian Poetry." As an anthology it has an initial peculiarity—it has no editor. Each poet appearing in it has sent in what he thought proper from his verses in manuscript, or those which have not been

included in books. It seems that the thirteen poets "have come together by mutual accord." Perhaps it is not amiss to name them all here: Amy Lowell, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, James Oppenheim, Alfred Kreymborg, Sara Teasdale, Louis Untermeyer, John Gould Fletcher, Jean Starr Untermeyer, H.D., Conrad Aiken, and Edna St. Vincent Millay. The collection contains a great deal of brilliant picture-writing and clangorous free verse. The general level of the more classical kinds of composition included is not so high. Perhaps the greatest achievement to be met with in the book is Mr. Carl Sandburg's extensive, eccentric, and intense panorama entitled "And So To-day." In his bold rhythm and sharp phrase, with a constant succession of scene-glimpses, he communicates the mingling emotions of a continent at the hour of the ceremony which sees "the unknown soldier" laid away "in granite and steel." But there is much more of kindred vigour and sensuous mordancy to be found in "American Poetry," as, indeed, the reader would expect from the established reputations of most of the contributors.

Dismembered Hungary. By LADISLAUS BUDAY. With an Introduction by Lord NEWTON. (Grant Richards. 6s.)
Hungary and Democracy. By C. J. C. STREET. With a Foreword by T. P. O'CONNOR. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

THE reviewer of any book upon Hungary at the present moment is in a hopeless quandary. The wells of truth, so far as that unhappy country is concerned, have been so completely fouled by propaganda that even the most scrupulously honest man cannot say a word about it and feel confident that it is not biased. Upon the propaganda of the war has been superimposed not only the propaganda of the peace, of religion, and nationality, but upon that again the propaganda of communists, socialists, liberals, reactionaries and monarchists. That the Treaty of Trianon was, in many ways, a bad treaty, and unjust to the Magyars, is probably true; but when one begins to ask whether it is as bad and unjust as M. Buday and Lord Newton maintain, or whether its revision would be crime and folly, as Mr. Street argues, then we have to admit that the accumulated fog of propaganda obscures our judgment. All that one can say is that, if anyone wishes to arrive at an opinion, he should read both sides of the question—a long and heavy task. He could not do better than begin with these two books. M. Buday marshals his statistics to show how unjustly the dismemberment of Hungary was accomplished, and Lord Newton drives home the point in his introduction. Mr. Street, also with the help of statistics, proves the opposite.

The Fleuron: a Journal of Typography. No. I., 1923. ("The Fleuron," St. Stephen's House, Westminster. £1 1s.)

A Brief Survey of Printing History and Practice. By STANLEY MORISON and HOLBROOK JACKSON. ("The Fleuron." 6s.)

THESE two books are evidence of the revival of interest in the art of printing which has taken place in England and America in recent years. To the printer and book producer they should be of real value. The most interesting thing in the two volumes is the article in "The Fleuron," by Mr. Francis Meynell and Mr. Stanley Morison, on printers' flowers and arabesques. Anyone who has ever had to consider the difficult problem of how to design a title-page will find much to think about in Mr. Oliver Simon's essay in the same volume and the specimen title-pages reproduced by him. The smaller book gives a useful, if brief, account of the history of printing and printing types in England, France, Germany, and America, and a short chapter on decoration. It also contains "Notes on Printing Practice" which are sound, but rather scrappy.

The Commerce of Nations. By C. F. BASTABLE. Revised by T. E. GREGORY. (Methuen. 6s.)

A BOOK which, since its first appearance in 1891, has called for eight editions, may properly be allowed to offer itself a ninth time to the public. A generation which almost forsook its father's economic faith, mistaking the dazzle of Joe Chamberlain's eye-glass for the old light which beat on Cobden's loaves, was rightly reminded by Professor Bastable that reciprocity "had been tried and failed." A newer generation, led into a heretical fold, its eyes blinded by the smoke of a great war, may, by that reminder repeated, be awakened to the knowledge of its betrayal, heartened to spurn the idol of Key Industries, and brought back to the true gods of Free Trade. Thirty years ago Professor Bastable undertook, by recourse to history, to explain the doctrine and practice of the politics of commerce. To make

clear the eternity of the true principle of that politic, Mr. Gregory has incorporated in this history the tale of yesterday. The book shows few wounds of the patching. If a little dull, it is full of information. To understand it requires no vast learning, though, in the complexity of an odd sentence, some inspiration.

THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE

At Sotheby's on the 30th will be sold books collected by the late Sir William Garth and of considerable appeal to the enthusiast in "moderns." Large groups of first editions and association copies appear under the names of Barrie, E. F. Benson, Conrad, Gissing, Hardy, Richard Jefferies, and Kipling. Besides these, Disraeli, Cuthbert Bede, George Eliot, and other Victorians are well exemplified. On the 31st the continuation of this dispersal concerns collectors of Masfield, Meredith, Pater, J. A. Symonds, Shaw, Anthony Trollope (137 volumes), and conspicuously of Stevenson.

* * *

MISS M. STORM JAMESON's new book, "The Pitiful Wife," a novel, is included in the latest publishing arrangements of Messrs. Constable, and is expected to appear in July. "It is," Miss Jameson writes, "a story—by which I mean that it has a plot." Other novels soon to be brought out by the same firm are "Nordenholt's Million," by J. J. Conington, and "The Sleeper by Moonlight," by K. Balbernie.

* * *

HAVING lately given us a standard edition of Herman Melville, Messrs. Constable have turned their attention and enterprise to the case of T. L. Peacock. Sir Henry Cole's three-volume collection of Peacock's works appeared in 1875, nine years after Peacock's death. The occasional emergence, since Cole's edition, of new materials is one of the reasons which have suggested the forthcoming text. Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith, established among editors as enviably precise and deeply read, has set his hand to the labour of collecting Peacock's well-known works, his periodical writings, his posthumous publications, and hitherto unused manuscripts. Mrs. Edith Clarke, Peacock's granddaughter, has given him every possible assistance.

* * *

A THESIS ON "William Wordsworth: his Doctrine and Art in their Historical Relations" has been written by Mr. Arthur Beatty and published by the University of Wisconsin. In it the philosopher Wordsworth is prominent, and his prose is scrutinized. Mr. Milford is adding to the sizable list of Wordsworthian literature published by him "An Introduction to Wordsworth," from the pen of Mr. H. W. Garrod, who edited the "Oxford Book of Latin Verse."

* * *

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD is writing a preface for "The Life of Stephen Crane," the author of "The Red Badge of Courage" and many other works. The biographer is Mr. Thomas Beer. Mr. Knopf intends to issue the book this autumn.

* * *

THAT courageous undertaking, the "Victoria History of the Counties of England," impeded by the war, is now to continue. Mr. William Page retains his general editorship, but the future volumes are to be published by the St. Catherine Press, Stamford Street, S.E.

* * *

In the summer, Professor E. W. Hobson's Gifford Lectures of 1921 and 1922 will be published with the title "The Domain of Natural Science," by the Cambridge University Press. The aim of the book is to define, in the light of historical retrospect, the position of natural science in relation to religion and philosophy. The lectures run to some five hundred pages of print.

* * *

SHORTLY will be published "Blake for Babes," an introduction to the works of William Blake, by Mr. Thomas Wright, memorialist of Cowper. The ordinary edition will be sold at 5s. net, and there will be a few copies on large paper.

ART

FRENCH PAINTERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AT THE LEFÈVRE GALLERIES.

THE more or less official apologists who prepare the comments on exhibitions for catalogues or newspapers might perhaps consider whether the time has not come for a little more frankness in treating of work by classics of universally admitted rank. Greville's man-in-the-street has travelled nowadays, knows Paris as well as he does Bond Street, to say nothing of Spain. Instead of reproductions of "Vertige" and "Enfin seuls" to represent French art in his rooms, no self-respecting undergraduate is without his "crumpler," a "crumpler" being, I am told, the beginning of a picture or a reproduction of the beginning of a picture by Cézanne, or by a follower of Cézanne's, representing a crumpled napkin on a table. The man-in-the-street is perhaps only too *averti*. It is just possible, when he reads the familiar and consecrated phrases on works about which he knows as much as we do, that he experiences something of the bored indifference with which an up-to-date nursery receives the attempts of a benevolent uncle to address it in baby-language. Nor is the fact that an exhibition is for a charity an adequate reason for adopting an uncritical attitude. Criticism is the very breath of interest. Attack calls out defence that might otherwise have lain dormant.

It is much too late now even to suggest, as Mr. Konody does, that Corot was the greatest painter of the nineteenth century. Let us remember that Turner died in 1851, and that Millet was Corot's compatriot. To turn from the two typical Corots here exhibited to Pissarro's "Printemps à Eragny" (14) is to exchange a somewhat flimsy and fluent virtuosity for great painting. In the latter canvas the passage on the left of the picture representing very deep grass, and the tree whose stem is obscured by the tall soft growth, may be taken as a precise object lesson on the use of his instrument by a great, complete, and inspired master. Neither painty nor thin, the magic recession of the exquisitely modelled mass defies analysis. The Monets look inflated and thin in comparison, and the Manet anybody's. By a caprice of biography the boom in Pissarro has not yet been released, so that he remains the painter rather for those who look at than for those who read about painting. Let anyone who wishes to understand what modern painting has become at its best, what it has received from, and what it has added to the ever venerable traditions, go to King Street and look carefully at this modest and exquisite little canvas "Le Printemps à Eragny" (14).

To repeat, or to quote, forty-six years after the death of Courbet, and nearly as long after such painting as that of Camille Pissarro has existed, terms which merely reflect a certain stimulus that was given by Courbet to his contemporaries, is to make of criticism something stagnant. Mr. Konody, who—and it is all to his credit—may be said to have wallowed in "modernity," knows as well as I do, or better, what I am going to say.

The bulk of Courbet's work is vitiated by two defects, to ignore which is to abdicate criticism. The first, which may be called the spiritual defect, is that he embraced the illiterate theory that all pictures are the better for being "painted from nature," as the saying is. "Their audacity in leaving the studio . . . and painting from Nature in the open air," to quote Mr. Konody. (Corot, by the way, had the audacity to stick pretty close to the studio.) Now, neither Poussin, Fragonard, nor Turner can be accused of a lack of "vibrating vitality," and neither their indoor nor their outdoor pictures were what is called painted "from nature." The kind of insensitiveness, the necessity of falling back on subjective habit and formula, that the dogma of the actual presence of the model brings with it, may be traced in such details as the cap and the hand and drapery of the portrait "L'Enfant" (8). Think of such details in Poussin, Fragonard, or Hogarth. And

there is further the obvious limitation in choice of subject that the dogma imposes.

The second defect is disastrous because it strikes at the root of drawing. Courbet, in his illiterate and glorying rôle of the strong man, drifted into painting more and more with the palette-knife instead of with the brush. Good painters have sometimes dallied with this trick. But to the extent that they have, such passages have suffered. Their avoidance of it may be said to be the measure of their æsthetic instinct. That instinct has told them, firstly, that the knife cannot draw with the sensitiveness of the brush. Their knowledge of the very stuff of their craft has also told them that oil paint needs air—that a surface spread with a knife produces two things, a bag of wet paint sealed up in a glassy skin. The wet paint within dries too slowly and shrivels, and the impervious skin darkens. The painter's traditional instrument produces, with its bristles, the minute furrows in the surface of the painting which have a double effect. The air has access to the paint and dries it soundly through and through. And secondly, the tooth thus given by the brush to the surface gives a hold to each subsequent coat of paint. Of this hold I can think of no better instance than in certain paintings of Millet, where each coat of paint gives an added beauty of quality. Courbet had at one time a habit which was not without a logic of its own. If he wished to paint a landscape out of doors with passages of particular brilliancy, such as a waterfall in the sunlight, he would start on his quest with a canvas painted black. "Je fais," he would say, with adorable bombast, "je fais comme Dieu. Je tire la lumière des ténèbres." In his Trouville seascape painted in 1865, this method can be detected. The picture being mainly painted with the knife, some of the white crests of the waves have chipped off slightly, and, where the painter most intended light, minute fissures of black or dark brown can be clearly seen.

Renoir was not only a brilliant talent. Genius having been defined as the instinct of self-preservation in a talent, he may be taken as a type of genius in painting. His talent was exquisite and prodigal, and he had the supreme felicity of understanding it and managing it. He used it well, and it returned the compliment. His portrait of "Mademoiselle Murer" (2) is one of his masterpieces. He is better at women than flowers. They interest him more. His sensitive command of his means makes of him the lyrical conduit of spiritual impressions too deep and too precious for words.

The Degas of the "Four Dancers" (28), which I can remember in his studio, it seems to me, as long as I can remember anything, is perhaps his masterpiece. It could hold its own in the National Gallery with the added something which is the modest contribution of each new colleague.

WALTER SICKERT.

THE DRAMA

THE ÆSTHETICS OF REVUE.

"The Insect Play" at the Regent Theatre.

THE "Insect Play" is that rare and refreshing fruit, an intelligent Revue. It is certainly the best I have ever seen in London, though I do not think it can hold up a candle to "Plus ça Change." Many English people, on a visit to Paris at the end of the war and during the Armistice, will remember that delicious fantasia where Rip combined with Raimu, Etchepare, and the divine Spinelli, to produce an entertainment as digestible as zabaglione and as disagreeable as a love-affair. The good Revue, like "Plus ça Change" or "The Insect Play," should be intellectually serious; that is to say, it should be built round an attitude towards life as serious as that, say, of *Candide*. By treating all the most painful subjects as frivolously as possible, while never forgetting that the painful subjects really are painful, and that the world really is bad, authors and actors can

treat the audience to what psychologists call a "release." "The Insect Play," then, is, as it should be, intellectually serious, and presents us with a succession of sidelights which are adequate for their purpose, and have just the quantity and quality of unity which a Revue should have. But the Capeks, granted their ideas have been fairly if "freely adapted by Mr. Nigel Playfair and Mr. Clifford Bax," seemed inclined to forget their function. They cannot help becoming serious, not only in their intellectual intention, but in their moral outlook. They cannot keep up that sham air of frivolity which is the touchstone of success. They have, up to a point, sympathetic minds; they are genuinely and thoroughly in a bad temper and see the world, as it is, altogether "out of joint." They avoid the swamp of Central European sentimentality till the last few moments, when the inevitable "kleine Kinder" put in a perfunctory appearance. There is a gritty disillusion about their reactions which has enabled them to produce a far more healthy entertainment than is usually to be seen on the London stage. But one cannot help feeling they have got muddled about their aims, as Rip never would have been and in a way which Spinelli would never have tolerated. They sigh after the *beau*, or at any rate the *joli*. Why drag in the pitiful chrysalis? "How charming, dear! weren't those butterflies just too sweet?" Such a comment would not be inexcusable, I think, after any production of the "Insect Play," and certainly it seemed called for by the producers at the Regent Theatre. Above all things, a Revue should be never, for an instant, genteel or pretentious; and, unfortunately, the "Insect Play" frequently succeeded in being both. It was not merely that much of the inferior ballet and "*nouveau art*" scenery was merely silly. But an atmosphere of suburban jollity seemed to permeate nearly the whole cast, which created the impression of being on the way to a fancy dress ball in Chelsea. Is not Chelsea the Bohemia of London, and are not the Capeks Bohemians? How frightened are our English actors and actresses (particularly the latter) of being coarse! But where would life be without coarseness; where, above all, would be the life of the Insects? There seemed to me but one exception to this rule of universal gentility, the Larva of Miss Elsa Lanchester. She, at any rate, showed the true quality of the Revue artist, so magnificently and shamelessly *canaille*, so horribly effective and solid. There was not a touch of Columbine about her. She was just consummately disagreeable. How out of place would her Larva have been in a drawing-room, but how theatrically it was realized! She was only on the stage for a few moments, but while she was there, one could not look at, or think about, anything else. The reason of this is that Miss Lanchester is thoroughly *professional* in the profounder sense of the word; that is to say, when she is on the stage she is not thinking about her private life: her private and public careers are in separate compartments: she can distinguish between the theatre and "theatricals." It is, however, an English tradition to love the *amateur*, whether in literature, politics, or art; and the production of the "Insect Play" was as intentionally *amateur* as possible. Yet the idea is a happy one, and should gain the performance a measure of success, this attempt to symbolize by the parallel of the insect world of moths, butterflies, beetles, and ants the follies and incompetence of the human beings, who are, after all, in the words of Zadig, "les insectes se dévorant les uns les autres sur ce petit atome de boue." But it should not be an instant forgotten that the idea is a grim one, and should be treated grimly. Attempts at prettification are morally and artistically deplorable. When once we have got hold of an unpleasant idea, let us be as unpleasant about it as possible, and adopt, wholeheartedly, the cruel Prussianism of the Ants. But, unfortunately, there is altogether too much social *agrément* in Mr. Playfair's spiritual furniture, and hence we leave his theatre without fully extracting from the "Insect Play" the consolations of bitterness which are due to ourselves and even to the authors.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

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James J. Watson

Rise and fall

THE ROMANTIC AGE.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT is amusing to observe that the romantic age is always assumed to be some age that has passed. To the majority it is never to-day, and has little prospect of existing to-morrow. That is because romance is shy to face the coldness of reality.

The illusion that the romantic age existed in some previous century is fostered by popular honey-fiction writers with as much knowledge of history as the communist has of economics. So, on the foundation of a bog, the sickly sentimentalists accept the past and overlook the present. It would be as logical to accept as the realists of to-day either Ethel M. Dell or her antithesis, Bernard Shaw.

When was this romantic age that is prated of so loosely? It was not the nineteenth century! That was merely dull and ugly, and smugly hypocritical. Romance could not exist in an atmosphere of horse-hair furniture, wax flowers, bustles and beards.

Take the eighteenth century: a wonderful century for dress for the infinitesimal few, but one full of war and strife and misery for the many. And very, very dirty and unhygienic. Worse still, was the seventeenth century, and ghastly the Elizabethan days. Pestilence and plagues were the incidents of life: the romantic powdered wigs were in reality the harbours of vermin: baths were such occasional adventures that pungent scents were used to counteract other aromas: epidemics of every description were rampant even through the Victorian era.

It is a disgusting statement of fact that for centuries the world stank considerably. The sanitary conditions of the good old days would nauseate a modern navy.

The world to-day is better, cleaner, more scientifically wonderful and even more romantic than it has ever been. The ideals of the modern romanticist would soon be dispelled in an atmosphere of foul smells. Hygiene is a culture, and even a morality of cleanliness is the hand-maiden of constancy.

The men dressed in splendid taste in the eighteenth century, but the fine points of modern attire are still carefully studied by the few exclusive West End tailors. And the tailoring House of Pope and Bradley is a far greater and certainly more romantic business than any that has existed in the past. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s.

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FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Sat. 19. Royal Institution, 3.—"Harmonic Evolution," Mr. J. B. McEwen.
Irish Literary Society (49-51, Windsor House, Victoria St., S.W.), 8.—"Folk Tales and the Art of Tale-telling," Mr. Ernest Rhys.
- Sun. 20. Indian Students' Union (Keppel St., W.C. 1), 5.—
"Greece and the Modern World," Dr. E. A. Gardner.
- Tues. 22. Royal Institution, 3.—"Discoveries in Egypt," Lecture I., Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie.
University College, 5.—"Kant's Theory of Beauty and Sublimity," Lecture II., Prof. G. Dawes Hicks.
- Wed. 23. University College, 5.15.—"Phases of Indian Geology," Lecture II., Sir T. H. Holland.
King's College, 5.30.—"Sir Matthew Hale," Prof. W. S. Holdsworth.
University College, 6.15.—"Economic and Statistical Aspects of a Capital Levy," Newmarch Lecture I., Sir Josiah C. Stamp.
Royal Microscopical Society, 8.—Annual Pond Life Exhibition.
- Thurs. 24. Royal Institution, 3.—"Engineering Problems solved by Photo-elastic Methods," Lecture II., Prof. E. G. Coker.
King's College, 5.30.—"Czechoslovakia," Lecture III., Dr. Otakar Voadlo.
University College, 5.30.—"Tasso's 'Aminta' and the Italian Pastoral," Mr. Arundell del Re.
- Fri. 25. School of Oriental Studies (Finsbury Circus), 5.—
"The Aryans," Lecture II., Dr. Peter Giles.
University College, 5.—"Psychology as a Career," Prof. C. Spearman.
King's College, 5.30.—"The First Folio and the Elizabethan Stage," Mr. R. Crompton Rhodes.
Royal Institution, 9.—"The Development of London," Sir Aston Webb.

[The next Liberal Summer School will be held at Cambridge from Thursday, August 2nd, to Thursday, August 9th. Among the subjects to be discussed are: The Liberal Ideal, Liberal Financial Policy, Control of Trusts, Trade Cycles and Unemployment, and Housing. Mr. Asquith and Prof. Gilbert Murray have promised to give addresses; and among the Sessional Chairmen will be Lord Gladstone, Sir John Simon, Lady Bonham-Carter, and Mrs. Wintringham. Communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Liberal Summer Schools, 16, Princess Street, Manchester.]

THE WEEK'S BOOKS

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

LITERATURE.

- ADE (George). Single Blessedness; and Other Observations. Methuen, 6/-.
- BEATTY (Arthur). William Wordsworth: his Doctrine and Art in their Historical Relations. Madison, Wis., Univ. of Wisconsin, \$2.
- BECHHOFFER (C. E.). The Literary Renaissance in America. Heinemann, 6/-.
- BELT (George). Production: How to Produce Speeches, Essays, &c. Foreword by George Lansbury. Daily Herald League, 2, Carmelite St., E.C. 4, 3/6.
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- GRIEVE (C. M.). Annals of the Five Senses. Montrose, C. M. Grieve, 16, Links Avenue, 7/6.
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- MACNAIR (Mary Wilson). A List of Doctoral Dissertations printed in 1921. Washington, Government Printing Office.
- POULSEN (Frederik). Travels and Sketches. Tr. from the Danish. Chatto & Windus, 7/6.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- ANDERSON (J. Redwood). Haunted Islands. Part I. Oxford, Blackwell, 2/6.
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FINANCE AND INVESTMENT

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGES AND THE SEASONS.

THE dollar-sterling exchange merely compares the value of the dollar and of the pound. The value of the dollar is what it will buy in the United States. The value of the pound is what it will buy in England. Therefore the rate of exchange depends on the level of prices in America compared with the level of prices here. That, in a nutshell, is the modern Theory of the Exchanges, which perplexes nine-tenths of the world under the honorific designation of Purchasing-Power-Parity.

In theory and even in practice there are some refinements to mention. But if we are comparing one year with another they are comparatively unimportant. Ever since the Armistice the theory has worked on the whole amazingly. If you draw curves of the actual rates of exchange between the United States, England, France, and Italy, and then another set of curves showing the ratios of the price levels in these countries, you find that the two are seldom far apart and always tend together again after every divergence. For example, between the United States and England the actual rate of exchange and the ratio of the price levels in the two countries have been within 1 per cent of one another in September—November, 1919; March—April, 1920; April, 1921; September, 1921; January—June, 1922; and February, 1923. If, however, we are comparing, not one year with another, but one week with another, or one month with another, there are two other influences which are very important.

The first is *Speculation*. A country's exchange is more sensitive than its price level to what the world thinks is going to happen but has not happened yet. Speculators may sell or buy a country's money because they *anticipate* that it is going to fall or rise in value. But this influence obviously cannot last very long. Speculators can only cause the exchange to rise or fall at an earlier date than it would have done otherwise. For they have to reverse their transaction in due course, buying back or selling out as the case may be; so that, whether the thing which they anticipated has happened or not, their influence washes out sooner or later. Generally sooner rather than later, because the mass of speculators take short views and lose heart very quickly if there is any delay in what they anticipated. The various Reparation Conferences of recent years have caused the most ridiculous fluctuations in the franc exchange, but the lasting influence of the speculation to which they have given rise has been absolutely *nil*. Most people vastly exaggerate the effect of speculation on the course of exchange. Its momentary effect is often so sensational that we forget what a fleeting affair it is—worth three months hence about as much as a leader in to-day's "Daily Mail." It is only really important on the very rare occasions on which it precipitates a panic—that is to say, imitative action on a large scale by numbers of people who are not speculators at all, but are just terror-stricken.

The other is the *Season of the year*. This influence is as much under-estimated by the public as that of Speculation is exaggerated. Sensible speculators ought to observe a close season for shooting at the franc just as much as at other high-flying birds. Economical tourists will find it, as a quite general rule, decidedly cheaper to travel in France and Italy in the summer and autumn than in the spring—quite apart from the fact that these countries are always much colder at

Easter than is generally supposed. If France had walked into the Ruhr in July instead of in January, the franc exchange might have told quite a different tale.

Why is this? It is mainly due to the revolution of the earth round the sun. Western Europe buys from the rest of the Northern Hemisphere the fruitful produce which the soil yields in the late summer and autumn. If her merchants are to get what they want on the best terms and of the right quality they must buy a considerable proportion just after harvest, when the agriculturalist is selling it. Somewhat earlier than this—some time between June and August—they begin to make their financial preparations. Simultaneously, America tends to call in her floating balances from abroad to help her in financing the crop movements. Thus in the summer and autumn Europe owes America money which she can only pay off gradually over the average of the year. This has always been so—before the war just as much as now. But when the exchanges were fixed within narrow limits, by virtue of the convertibility of the various national currencies into gold, international finance found on easy terms the credit required to tide over the seasonal difficulty. But now, when no one can say for certain what sterling, francs or lire are going to be worth in terms of dollars six months hence, it is not worth anyone's while to run the risk of supplying it except for an expectation of considerable profit; which expectation can only be provided by the European currencies, which are being pressed for sale, falling to a price decidedly below what, on balance, is thought to be the probable price six months hence. Recently these expectations have been, on the whole, pretty well realized in practice, and international finance has pocketed its reward for the risk it has run. Perhaps this favourable experience may lead to its being prepared to do the business a bit cheaper this year, which would mean a less violent seasonal depression of the Western European exchanges. But the volume of risk-carrying required is so large, and the effect of affairs like the Ruhr is so upsetting and makes the calculation of risk so precarious, that we may possibly see this summer a fairly sharp movement of the usual kind. If the Ruhr business were to be settled, that, of course, might make a considerable difference; and short-range speculators may make themselves felt for a moment whenever the rumours in the newspaper suggest that something is in the air.

In 1919 the European exchanges fell heavily as a result of the Inter-Allied credits coming to an end. In 1922 there was a definite recovery of sterling, and this year there has been a definite deterioration of the franc for obvious reasons. But the following table shows how largely recurrent the movements have been:—

	PERCENTAGE OF DOLLAR PARITY.					
	Sterling.		Francs.		Lire.	
Aug.-July.	Lowest.	Highest.	Lowest.	Highest.	Lowest.	Highest.
1919-20 ...	69	88	31	66	22	56
1920-21 ...	69	82	30	45	18	29
1921-22 ...	73	92	37	48	20	28
*1922-23 ...	90	97	29	41	20	27

During the past three years, francs and lire have been at their best in April and May, and at their worst between October and December. Sterling has not been quite so punctual in its movements, the best point of the year falling somewhere between March and June, and the worst between August and November. It will be seen that we are just approaching what has been hitherto the turning point of the year, and it will be interesting to watch what happens.

J. M. K.

* August—May

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